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MORBID IMPULSES.

'PLEASE, sir, it's seven o'clock, and here's your hot wa'er.' I half awoke, reflected moodily on the unhappy destiny of early risers; and finally, after many turns and grunts, having decided upon defying all engagements and duties, I fell asleep once more. In an instant I was seated in the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre, gazing upon the curtain, and, in common with a large and brilliant audience, anxiously awaiting its arising, and the appearance of Duprez. The curtain does rise; the orchestra are active; Duprez has bowed her thanks to an applauding concourse; and the opera is half concluded: when, just as the theatre is hushed into deathless silence for the great aria which is to test Duprez's capacity and power, a mad impulse seizes hold of me. I have an intense desire to yell. I feel as if my life and my eternal happiness depend upon my emulating a wild Indian, or a London 'coaster' boy. I look round on the audience; I see their solemn faces; I note the swelling bosom of the cantatrice, the rapt anxiety of the leader, and the dread silence of the whole assembly, and I speculate on the surprise and confusion a loud war-whoop yell would create; and though I foresee an ignominious expulsion, perhaps broken limbs and disgraceful exposure in the public prints, I cannot resist the strange impulse; and throwing myself back in my stall, I raise a wild cry, such as a circus clown gives when he vaults into the arena, and ties himself up into a knot by way of introduction. I had not under-calculated the confusion, but I had under-calculated the indignation. In an instant all eyes are upon me—from the little piccolo player in the corner of the orchestra to the diamonded duchess in the private box; cries of 'Shame! turn him out!' salute me on all sides; my neighbours seize me by the collar, and call for the police; and in five minutes, ashamed, bruised, and wretched, I am ejected into the Haymarket, and on my way to Bow Street.

'Please, sir, it's nine o'clock now; and Mr Biggs has been, sir; and he couldn't wait, sir; and he'll come again at two.'

I sit up in bed, rub my eyes, and awake to consciousness of two facts—namely, that I have not kept a very particular engagement, and that I have had a strange dream. I soon forgot the former, but the latter remains with me for a long time very vividly. It was a dream, I know; but still it was so true to what might have occurred, that I half fancy I shall recognise myself among the police intelligence in my daily paper; and when I have read the 'Times' throughout, and find it was indeed a dream, the subject still haunts me, and I sit for a long time musing upon those singular morbid

desires and impulses which all men more or less experience.

What are they? Do they belong strictly to the domain of physics or of metaphysics? How nearly are they allied to insanity? May there not be a species of spiritual intoxication created by immaterial alcohol, producing, through the medium of the mind, the same bodily absurdities as your fluid alcohol produces through the directer agency of the body itself? How far can they be urged as extenuating or even defending misdemeanours and crimes? To guide me in my speculations, I run over a few cases that I can call to mind at once.

There is the general fact, that no sooner have you mounted to a great eminence, than a mysterious impulse urges you to cast yourself over into space, and perish. Nearly all people feel this; nearly all conquer it in this particular; but some do not: and there may be a great doubt as to whether all who have perished from the tops of the monuments have been truly suicides. Then, again, with water: when you see the clear river sleeping beneath—when you see the green waves dancing round the prow—when you hear and see the roaring fury of a cataract—do you not as surely feel a desire to leap into it, and be absorbed in oblivion? What is that impulse but a perpetual calenture?—or may not the theory of calentures be all false, and the results they are reported to cause be in reality the results of morbid impulses? I have sat on the deck of a steamer, and looked upon the waters as they chafed under the perpetual scouring of the paddles; and I have been compelled to bind myself to the vessel by a rope, to prevent a victory to the morbid impulses that has come upon me. Are not Ulysses and the Sirens merely a poetic statement of this common feeling?

But one of the most singular instances of morbid impulses in connection with material things, exists in the case of a young man who not very long ago visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a huge hammer, and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thin, black sheets; but the supply becoming exhausted, at last it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; then he followed its strokes with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in a second it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was that he felt an impulse to do it; that he knew he should be disabled; that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner; but that he still felt a power within, above sense and reason—a

morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand. This incident suggests many things, besides proving the peculiar nature and power of morbid impulses: such things, for instance, as a law of sympathy on a scale hitherto undreamt of, as well as a musical tune pervading all things.

But the action of morbid impulses and desires is far from being confined to things material. Witness the occurrence of my dream, which, though a dream, was true in spirit. More speeches, writings, and actions of humanity have their result in morbid impulse than we have an idea of. Their territory stretches from the broadest farce to the deepest tragedy. I remember spending an evening at Mrs Cantaloupe's, and being seized with an impulse to say a very insolent thing. Mrs Cantaloupe is the daughter of a small pork butcher, who, having married the scapegrace younger son of a rich man, by a sudden sweeping away of elder brethren, found herself at the head of a mansion in Belgravia, and of an ancient family. This lady's pride of place, and contempt for all beneath her, exceeds any thing I have ever yet seen or heard of; and, one evening when she was canvassing the claims of a few *parvenu* families in her usual *tranchant* and haughty manner, an impulse urged me to cry, at the top of my voice: 'Madam, your father was a little pork-butcher—you know he was!'

In vain I tried to forget the fact; in vain I held my hands over my mouth to prevent my shouting out these words. The more I struggled against it, the more powerful was the impulse; and I only escaped it by rushing headlong from the room and from the house. When I gained my own chambers, I was so thankful that I had avoided this gross impertinence that I could not sleep.

This strange thraldom to a morbid prompting not unfrequently has its outlet in crimes of the deepest dye. When Lord Byron was sailing from Greece to Constantinople, he was observed to stand over the sleeping body of an Albanian, with a poniard in his hand; and, after a little time, to turn away muttering, 'I should like to know how a man feels who has committed a murder!' There can be no doubt that Lord Byron, urged by a morbid impulse, was on the very eve of knowing what he desired; and not a few crimes have their origin in a similar manner. The facts exist; the evidence is here in superabundance; but what to do with it? Can a theory be made out? I sit and reflect.

There are two contending parties in our constitution—mind and matter, spirit and body—which in their conflicts produce nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. The body is the chief assailant, and generally gains the victory. Look how our writers are influenced by bile, by spleen, by indigestion; how families are ruined by a bodily ailment sapping the mental energy of their heads. But the spirit takes its revenge in a guerilla war, which is incessantly kept up by these morbid impulses—an ambuscade of them is ever lurking to betray the too-confident body. Let the body be unguarded for an instant, and the spirit shoots forth its morbid impulse; and if the body be not very alert, over it goes into the sea, into the house-tops, or into the streets and jails. In most wars the country where the fighting takes place suffers most: in this case man is the battle-ground; and he must and will suffer so long as mind and matter, spirit and body, do not co-operate amicably—so long as they fight together, and are foes. Fortunately, the remedy can be seen. If the body do not aggress, the spirit will not seek revenge. If you keep the body from irritating, and perturbing, and stultifying the mind through its bile, its spleen, its indigestion, its brain, the mind will most certainly never injure, stultify, or kill the body by its mischievous guerrilla tactics, by its little, active, implike agents—morbid impulses. We thus find that there is a deep truth in utilitarianism after all—the rose-colour romancings of

chameleon writers. To make a man a clear-judging member of society, doing wise actions in the present moment, and saying wise and beautiful things for all time, a great indispensable is—to see that the house that his spirit has received to dwell in be worthy the wants and capabilities of its noble occupant. Hence—Rat-tat-ta-tat!

'Please, sir, Mr Biggs!'

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

MARY KINGSFORD.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1836, I was hurriedly despatched to Liverpool for the purpose of securing the person of one Charles James Marshall, a collecting clerk, who, it was suddenly discovered, had absconded with a considerable sum of money belonging to his employers. I was too late—Charles James Marshall having sailed in one of the American liners the day before my arrival in the northern commercial capital. This fact well ascertained, I immediately set out on my return to London. Winter had come upon us unusually early; the weather was bitterly cold; and a piercing wind caused the snow, which had been falling heavily for several hours, to gyrate in fierce, blinding eddies, and heaped it up here and there into large and dangerous drifts. The obstruction offered by the rapidly-congealing snow greatly delayed our progress between Liverpool and Birmingham; and at a few miles only distant from the latter city, the leading engine ran off the line. Fortunately, the rate at which we were travelling was a very slow one, and no accident of moment occurred. Having no luggage to care for, I walked on to Birmingham, where I found the parliamentary train just on the point of starting, and with some hesitation, on account of the severity of the weather, I took my seat in one of the then very much exposed and uncomfortable carriages. We travelled steadily and safely, though slowly along, and reached Rugby Station in the afternoon, where we were to remain, the guard told us, till a fast down-train had passed. All of us hurried as quickly as we could to the large room at this station, where blazing fires and other appliances soon thawed the half-frozen bodies, and loosened the tongues of the numerous and motley passengers. After recovering the use of my benumbed limbs and faculties, I had leisure to look around and survey the miscellaneous assemblage about me.

Two persons had travelled in the same compartment with me from Birmingham, whose exterior, as disclosed by the dim light of the railway carriage, created some surprise that such finely-attired, fashionable gentlemen should stoop to journey by the plebeian penny-a-mile train. I could now observe them in a clearer light, and surprise at their apparent condescension vanished at once. To an eye less experienced than mine in the artifices and expedients familiar to a certain class of 'swells,' they might perhaps have passed muster for what they assumed to be, especially amidst the varied crowd of a 'parliamentary'; but their copper finery could not for a moment impose upon me. The watch-chains were, I saw, mosaic; the watches, so frequently displayed, gilt; eye-glasses the same; the coats, fur-collared and cuffed, were ill-fitting and second-hand; ditto of the varnished boots and renovated velvet waist-coats; while the luxuriant moustaches and whiskers, and flowing wigs, were unmistakably mere *pièces d'occasion*—assumed and diversified at pleasure. They were both apparently about fifty years of age; one of them perhaps one or two years less than that. I watched them narrowly, the more so from their making themselves ostentatiously attentive to a young woman-girl rather she seemed—of a remarkably graceful figure, but whose face I had not yet obtained a glimpse of. They made boisterous way for her to the fire, and were profuse and noisy in their offers of refreshment—all of

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which, I observed, were peremptorily declined. She was dressed in deep, unexpensive mourning; and from her timid gestures and averted head, whenever either of the fellows addressed her, was, it was evident, terrified as well as annoyed by their rude and insolent notice. I quietly drew near to the side of the fire-place at which she stood, and with some difficulty obtained a sight of her features. I was struck with extreme surprise—not so much at her singular beauty, as from an instantaneous conviction that she was known to me, or at least that I had seen her frequently before, but where or when I could not at all call to mind. Again I looked, and my first impression was confirmed. At this moment the elder of the two men I have partially described placed his hand, with a rude familiarity, upon the girl's shoulder, proffering at the same time a glass of hot brandy and water for her acceptance. She turned sharply and indignantly away from the fellow; and looking round as if for protection, caught my eagerly-fixed gaze.

'Mr Waters!' she impulsively ejaculated. 'Oh I am so glad!'

'Yes,' I answered, 'that is certainly my name; but I scarcely remember—Stand back, fellow!' I angrily continued, as her tormentor, emboldened by the spirits he had drunk, pressed with a jeering grin upon his face towards her, still tendering the brandy and water. 'Stand back!' He replied by a curse and a threat. The next moment his flowing wig was whirling across the room, and he standing with his bullet-head bare but for a few locks of iron-gray, in an attitude of speechless rage and confusion, increased by the peals of laughter which greeted his ludicrous, unwigged aspect. He quickly put himself in a fighting attitude, and, backed by his companion, challenged me to battle. This was quite out of the question; and I was somewhat at a loss how to proceed, when the bell announcing the instant departure of the train rang out, my furious antagonist gathered up and adjusted his wig, and we all sallied forth to take our places—the young woman holding fast by my arm, and in a low, nervous voice, begging me not to leave her. I watched the two fellows take their seats, and then led her to the hindmost carriage, which we had to ourselves as far as the next station.

'Are Mrs. Waters and Emily quite well?' said the young woman colouring, and lowering her eyes beneath my earnest gaze, which she seemed for a moment to misinterpret.

'Quite—entirely so,' I almost stammered. 'You know us then?'

'Surely I do,' she replied, reassured by my manner. 'But you, it seems,' she presently added with a winning smile, 'have quite forgotten little Mary Kingsford.'

'Mary Kingsford!' I exclaimed almost with a shout. 'Why, so it is! But what a transformation a few years have effected!'

'Do you think so? Not pretty Mary Kingsford now then, I suppose?' she added with a light, pleasant laugh.

'You know what I mean, you vain puss you!' I rejoined quite gaily; for I was overjoyed at meeting with the gentle, well-remembered playmate of my own eldest girl. We were old familiar friends—almost father and daughter—in an instant.

Little Mary Kingsford, I should state, was, when I left Yorkshire, one of the prettiest, most engaging children I had ever seen; and a petted favourite not only with us, but of every other family in the neighbourhood. She was the only child of Philip and Mary Kingsford—a humble, worthy, and much-respected couple. The father was gardener to Sir Pyott Dalzell, and her mother eked out his wages to a respectable maintenance by keeping a cheap children's school. The change which a few years had wrought in the beautiful child was quite sufficient to account for my

imperfect recognition of her; but the instant her name was mentioned, I at once recognised the rare comeliness which had charmed us all in her childhood. The soft brown eyes were the same, though now revealing profounder depths, and emitting a more pensive expression; the hair, though deepened in colour, was still golden; her complexion, lit up as it now was by a sweet blush, was brilliant as ever; whilst her child-person had become matured and developed into womanly symmetry and grace. The brilliancy of colour vanished from her cheek as I glanced meaningfully at her morning dress.

'Yes,' she murmured in a sad quivering voice—'yes, father is gone! It will be six months come next Thursday that he died! Mother is well,' she continued more cheerfully after a pause, 'in health, but poorly off; and I—and I,' she added with a faint effort at a smile, 'am going to London to seek my fortune!'

'To seek your fortune!'

'Yes; you know my cousin, Sophy Clarke? In one of her letters, she said she often saw you.'

I nodded without speaking. I knew little of Sophia Clarke, except that she was the somewhat gay, coquettish shopwoman of a highly-respectable confectioner in the Strand, whom I shall call by the name of Morris.

'I am to be Sophy's fellow shop-assistant,' continued Mary Kingsford; 'not of course at first at such good wages as she gets. So lucky for me, is it not, since I must go to service? And so kind, too, of Sophy to interest herself for me!'

'Well, it may be so. But surely I have heard—my wife at least has—that you and Richard Westlake were engaged?—Excuse me, Mary, I was not aware the subject was a painful or unpleasant one.'

'Richard's father,' she replied with some spirit, 'has higher views for his son. It is all off between us now,' she added; 'and perhaps it is for the best that it should be so.'

I could have rightly interpreted these words without the aid of the partially-expressed sigh which followed them. The perilous position of so attractive, so inexperienced, so guileless a young creature, amidst the temptations and vanities of London, so painfully impressed and preoccupied me, that I scarcely uttered another word till the rapidly-diminishing rate of the train announced that we neared a station, after which it was probable we should have no farther opportunity for private converse.

'Those men—those fellows at Rugby—where did you meet with them?' I inquired.

'About thirty or forty miles below Birmingham, where they entered the carriage in which I was seated. At Birmingham I managed to avoid them.'

Little more passed between us till we reached London. Sophia Clarke received her cousin at the Euston station, and was profuse of felicitations and compliments upon her arrival and personal appearance. After receiving a promise from Mary Kingsford to call and take tea with my wife and her old playmate on the following Sunday, I handed the two young women into a cab in waiting, and they drove off. I had not moved away from the spot when a voice a few paces behind me, which I thought I recognised, called out: 'Quick, coachie, or you'll lose sight of them!' As I turned quickly round, another cab drove smartly off, which I followed at a run. I found, on reaching Lower Seymour Street, that I was not mistaken as to the owner of the voice, nor of his purpose. The fellow I had unwigged at Rugby thrust his body half out of the cab window, and pointing to the vehicle which contained the two girls, called out to the driver 'to mind and make no mistake.' The man nodded intelligence, and lashed his horse into a faster pace. Nothing that I might do could prevent the fellows from ascertaining Mary Kingsford's place of abode; and as that was all that, for the present at least, need be appre-

hended, I desisted from pursuit, and bent my steps homewards.

Mary Kingsford kept her appointment on the Sunday, and in reply to our questioning, said she liked her situation very well. Mr and Mrs Morris were exceedingly kind to her; so was Sophia. 'Her cousin,' she added in reply to a look which I could not repress, 'was perhaps a little gay and free of manner, but the best-hearted creature in the world.' The two fellows who had followed them had, I found, already twice visited the shop; but their attentions appeared now to be exclusively directed towards Sophia Clarke, whose vanity they not a little gratified. The names they gave were Hartley and Simpson. So entirely guileless and unsophisticated was the gentle country maiden, that I saw she scarcely comprehended the hints and warnings which I threw out. At parting, however, she made me a serious promise that she would instantly apply to me should any difficulty or perplexity overtake her.

I often called in at the confectioner's, and was gratified to find that Mary's modest propriety of behaviour, in a somewhat difficult position, had gained her the goodwill of her employers, who invariably spoke of her with kindness and respect. Nevertheless, the care and care of a London life, with its incessant employment and late hours, soon, I perceived, began to tell upon her health and spirits; and it was consequently with a strong emotion of pleasure I heard from my wife that she had seen a passage in a letter from Mary's mother, to the effect that the elder Westlake was betraying symptoms of yielding to the angry and passionate expostulations of his only son, relative to the enforced breaking off of his engagement with Mary Kingsford. The blush with which she presented the letter was, I was told, very eloquent.

One evening, on passing Morris's shop, I observed Hartley and Simpson there. They were swallowing custards and other confectionary with much gusto; and, from their new and costly habiliments, seemed to be in surprisingly good case. They were smirking and smiling at the cousins with rude confidence; and Sophia Clarke, I was grieved to see, repaid their insulting impertinence by her most elaborate smiles and graces. I passed on; and presently meeting with a brother-detective, who, it struck me, might know something of the two gentlemen, I turned back with him, and pointed them out. A glance sufficed him.

'Hartley and Simpson you say?' he remarked after we had walked away to some distance: 'those are only two of their numerous *aliases*. I cannot, however, say that I am as yet on very familiar terms with them; but as I am especially directed to cultivate their acquaintance, there is no doubt we shall be more intimate with each other before long. Gamblers, blacklegs, swindlers, I already know them to be; and I would take odds they are not unfrequently something more, especially when fortune and the bones run cross with them.'

'They appear to be in high feather just now,' I remarked.

'Yes: they are connected, I suspect, with the gang who cleaned out young Garslade last week in Jernyn Street. I'd lay a trifle,' added my friend, as I turned to leave him, 'that one or both of them will wear the Queen's livery, gray turned up with yellow, before many weeks are past. Good-by.'

About a fortnight after this conversation, I and my wife paid a visit to Astley's, for the gratification of our youngsters, who had long been promised a sight of the equestrian marvels exhibited at that celebrated amphitheatre. It was the latter end of February; and when we came out of the theatre, we found the weather had changed to dark and sleetly, with sharp, nipping wind. I had to call at Scotland-Yard; my wife and children consequently proceeded home in a cab without me; and after assisting to quell a slight disturbance originating in a gin-palace close by, I went on my way

over Westminster Bridge. The inclement weather had cleared the streets and thoroughfares in a surprisingly short time; so that, excepting myself, no foot-passenger was visible on the bridge till I had about half-crossed it, when a female figure, closely muffled up about the head, and sobbing bitterly, passed rapidly by on the opposite side. I turned and gazed after the retreating figure: it was a youthful, symmetrical one; and after a few moments' hesitation, I determined to follow at a distance, and as unobservedly as I could. On the woman sped, without pause or hesitation, till she reached Astley's, where I observed her stop suddenly, and toss her arms in the air with a gesture of desperation. I quickened my steps, which she observing, uttered a slight scream, and darted swiftly off again, moaning and sobbing as she ran. The slight momentary glimpse I had obtained of her features beneath the gas-lamp opposite Astley's, suggested a frightful apprehension, and I followed at my utmost speed. She turned at the first cross-street, and I should soon have overtaken her, but that in darting round the corner where she disappeared, I ran full butt against a stout, elderly gentleman, who was hurrying smartly along out of the weather. What with the suddenness of the shock and the slipperiness of the pavement, down we both reeled; and by the time we had regained our feet, and growled savagely at each other, the young woman, whoever she was, had disappeared, and more than half an hour's eager search after her proved fruitless. At last I bethought me of hiding at one corner of Westminster Bridge. I had watched impatiently for about twenty minutes, when I observed the object of my pursuit stealing timidly and furtively towards the bridge on the opposite side of the way. As she came nearly abreast of where I stood, I darted forward; she saw, without recognising me, and uttering an exclamation of terror, flew down towards the river, where a number of pieces of balk and other timber were fastened together, forming a kind of loose raft. I followed with desperate haste, for I saw that it was indeed Mary Kingsford, and loudly calling to her by name to stop. She did not appear to hear me, and in a few moments the unhappy girl had gained the end of the timber-raft. One instant she paused with clasped hands upon the brink, and in another had thrown herself into the dark and moaning river. On reaching the spot where she had disappeared, I could not at first see her in consequence of the dark mourning dress she had on. Presently I caught sight of her, still upborne by her spread clothes, but already carried by the swift current beyond my reach. The only chance was to crawl along a piece of round timber which projected farther into the river, and by the end of which she must pass. This I effected with some difficulty; and laying myself out at full length, vainly endeavoured, with outstretched, straining arms, to grasp her dress. There was nothing left for it but to plunge in after her. I will confess that I hesitated to do so. I was encumbered with a heavy dress, which there was no time to put off, and moreover, like most inland men, I was but an indifferent swimmer. My indecision quickly vanished. The wretched girl, though gradually sinking, had not yet uttered a cry, or appeared to struggle; but when the chilling waters reached her lips, she seemed to suddenly revive to a consciousness of the horror of her fate: she fought wildly with the engulphing tide, and shrieked piteously for help. Before one could count ten, I had grasped her by the arm, and lifted her head above the surface of the river. As I did so, I felt as if suddenly encased and weighed down by leaden garments, so quickly had my thick clothing and high boots sucking in the water. Vainly, thus burdened and impeded, did I endeavour to regain the raft; the strong tide bore us outwards, and I glared round, in inexpressible dismay, for some means of extrication from the frightful peril in which I found myself involved. Happily, right in the direction the tide was

drifting us, a large barge lay moored by a chain-cable. Eagerly I seized and twined one arm firmly round it, and thus partially secure, hallooed with renewed power for assistance. It soon came: a passer-by had witnessed the flight of the girl and my pursuit, and was already hastening with others to our assistance. A wherry was unmoored: guided by my voice, they soon reached us; and but a brief interval elapsed before we were safely housed in an adjoining tavern.

A change of dress, with which the landlord kindly supplied me, a blazing fire, and a couple of glasses of hot brandy and water, soon restored warmth and vigour to my chilled and partially-benumbed limbs; but more than two hours elapsed before Mary, who had swallowed a good deal of water, was in a condition to be removed. I had just sent for a cab, when two police-officers, well known to me, entered the room with official briskness. Mary screamed, staggered towards me, and clinging to my arm, besought me with frantic earnestness to save her.

'What is the meaning of this?' I exclaimed, addressing one of the police-officers.

'Merely,' said he, 'that the young woman that's clinging so tight to you has been committing an audacious robbery'—

'No—no—no!' broke in the terrified girl.

'Oh! of course you'll say so,' continued the officer. 'All I know is, that the diamond brooch was found snugly hid away in her own box. But come, we have been after you for the last three hours; so you had better come along at once.'

'Save me!—save me!' sobbed poor Mary, as she tightened her grasp upon my arm and looked with beseeching agony in my face.

'Be comforted,' I whispered; 'you shall go home with me. Calm yourself, Miss Kingsford,' I added in a louder tone: 'I no more believe you have stolen a diamond brooch than that I have.'

'Bless you!—bless you!' she gasped in the intervals of her convulsive sobs.

'There is some wretched misapprehension in this business, I am quite sure,' I continued; 'but at all events I shall bail her—for this night at least.'

'Bail her! That is hardly regular.'

'No; but you will tell the superintendent that Mary Kingsford is in my custody, and that I answer for her appearance to-morrow.'

The men hesitated, but I stood too well at headquarters for them to do more than hesitate; and the cab I had ordered being just then announced, I passed with Mary out of the room as quickly as I could, for I feared her senses were again leaving her. The air revived her somewhat, and I lifted her into the cab, placing myself beside her. She appeared to listen in fearful doubt whether I should be allowed to take her with me; and it was not till the wheels had made a score of revolutions that her fears vanished; then throwing herself upon my neck in an ecstasy of gratitude, she burst into a flood of tears, and continued till we reached home sobbing on my bosom like a broken-hearted child. She had, I found, been there about ten o'clock to seek me, and being told that I was gone to Astley's, had started off to find me there.

Mary still slept, or at least she had not risen, when I left home the following morning to endeavour to get at the bottom of the strange accusation preferred against her. I first saw the superintendent, who, after hearing what I had to say, quite approved of all that I had done, and intrusted the case entirely to my care. I next saw Mr and Mrs Morris and Sophia Clarke, and then waited upon the prosecutor, a youngish gentleman of the name of Saville, lodging in Essex Street, Strand. One or two things I heard necessitated a visit to other officers of police, incidentally, as I found, mixed up with the affair. By the time all this was done, and an effectual watch had been placed upon Mr Augustus

Saville's movements, evening had fallen, and I wended my way homewards, both to obtain a little rest, and hear Mary Kingsford's version of the strange story.

The result of my inquiries may be thus briefly summed up. Ten days before, Sophia Clarke told her cousin that she had orders for Covent-Garden Theatre; and as it was not one of their busy nights, she thought they might obtain leave to go. Mary expressed her doubt of this, as both Mr and Mrs Morris, who were strict, and somewhat fanatical Dissenters, disapproved of playgoing, especially for young women. Nevertheless Sophia asked, informed Mary that the required permission had been readily accorded, and off they went in high spirits; Mary especially, who had never been to a theatre in her life before. When there they were joined by Hartley and Simpson, much to Mary's annoyance and vexation, especially as she saw that her cousin expected them. She had, in fact, accepted the orders from them. At the conclusion of the entertainments, all four came out together, when suddenly there arose a hustling and confusion, accompanied with loud outcries, and a violent swaying and fro of the crowd. The disturbance was, however, soon quelled; and Mary and her cousin had reached the outer door, when two police-officers seized Hartley and his friend, and insisted upon their going with them. A scuffle ensued; but other officers being at hand, the two men were secured, and carried off. The cousins, terribly frightened, called a coach, and were very glad to find themselves safe at home again. And now it came out that Mr and Mrs Morris had been told that they were going to spend the evening at my house, and had no idea they were going to the play! Vexed as Mary was at the deception, she was too kindly-tempered to refuse to keep her cousin's secret; especially knowing as she did that the discovery of the deceit Sophia had practised would in all probability be followed by her immediate discharge. Hartley and his friend swaggered on the following afternoon into the shop, and whispered Sophia that their arrest by the police had arisen from a strange mistake, for which the most ample apologies had been offered and accepted. After this matters went on as usual, except that Mary perceived a growing insolence and familiarity in Hartley's manner towards her. His language was frequently quite unintelligible, and once he asked her plainly 'if she did not mean that he should go *shares* in the prize she had lately found?' Upon Mary replying that she did not comprehend him, his look became absolutely ferocious, and he exclaimed: 'Oh, that's your game, is it? But don't try it on with me, my good girl, I advise you.' So violent did he become, that Mr Morris was attracted by the noise, and ultimately bundled him, neck and heels, out of the shop. She had not seen either him or his companion since.

On the evening of the previous day, a gentleman whom she never remembered to have seen before, entered the shop, took a seat, and helped himself to a tart. She observed that after a while he looked at her very earnestly, and at length approaching quite close, said, 'You were at Covent-Garden Theatre last Tuesday evening week?' Mary was struck, as she said, all of a heap, for both Mr and Mrs Morris were in the shop, and heard the question.

'Oh no, no! you mistake,' she said hurriedly, and feeling at the same time her cheeks kindle into flame.

'Nay, but you were though,' rejoined the gentleman. And then lowering his voice to a whisper, he said, 'And let me advise you, if you would avoid exposure and condign punishment, to restore me the diamond brooch you robbed me of on that evening.'

Mary screamed with terror, and a regular scene ensued. She was obliged to confess she had told a falsehood in denying she was at the theatre on the night in question, and Mr Morris after that seemed inclined to believe anything of her. The gentleman persisted in

his charge; but at the same time vehemently iterating his assurance that all he wanted was his property; and it was ultimately decided that Mary's boxes, as well as her person, should be searched. This was done; and to her utter consternation the brooch was found concealed, they said, in a black-silk reticule. Denials, asseverations, were vain. Mr Saville identified the brooch, but once more offered to be content with its restoration. This Mr Morris, a just, stern man, would not consent to, and he went out to summon a police-officer. Before he returned, Mary, by the advice of both her cousin and Mrs Morris, had fled the house, and hurried in a state of distraction to find me, with what result the reader already knows.

'It is a wretched business,' I observed to my wife, as soon as Mary Kingsford had retired to rest, at about nine o'clock in the evening. 'Like you, I have no doubt of the poor girl's perfect innocence; but how to establish it by satisfactory evidence is another matter. I must take her to Bow Street the day after to-morrow.'

'Good God, how dreadful! Can nothing be done? What does the prosecutor say the brooch is worth?'

'His uncle,' he says, 'gave a hundred and twenty guineas for it. But that signifies little; for were its worth only a hundred and twenty farthings, compromise is, you know, out of the question.'

'I did not mean that. Can you shew it me? I am a pretty good judge of the value of jewels.'

'Yes, you can see it.' I took it out of the desk in which I had locked it up, and placed it before her. It was a splendid emerald, encircled by large brilliants.

My wife twisted and turned it about, holding it in all sorts of lights, and at last said—I do not believe that either the emerald or the brilliants are real—that the brooch is, in fact, worth twenty shillings intrinsically.'

'Do you say so?' I exclaimed as I jumped up from my chair, for my wife's words gave colour and consistency to a dim and faint suspicion which had crossed my mind. 'Then this Saville is a manifest liar; and perhaps confederate with— But give me my hat: I will ascertain this point at once.'

I hurried to a jeweller's shop, and found that my wife's opinion was correct: apart from the workmanship, which was very fine, the brooch was valueless. Conjectures, suspicions, hopes, fears, chased each other with bewildering rapidity through my brain; and in order to collect and arrange my thoughts, I stepped out of the whirl of the streets into Dolly's Chop-house, and decided, over a quiet glass of negus, upon my plan of operations.

The next morning there appeared at the top of the second column of the 'Times' an earnest appeal, worded with careful obscurity, so that only the person to whom it was addressed should easily understand it, to the individual who had lost or been robbed of a false stone and brilliants at the theatre, to communicate with a certain person—whose address I gave—without delay, in order to save the reputation, perhaps the life, of an innocent person.

I was at the address I had given by nine o'clock. Several hours passed without bringing any one, and I was beginning to despair, when a gentleman of the name of Bagshawe was announced: I fairly leaped for joy, for this was beyond my hopes.

A gentleman presently entered, of about thirty years of age, of a distinguished, though somewhat dissipated aspect.

'This brooch is yours?' said I, exhibiting it without delay or preface.

'It is; and I am here to know what your singular advertisement means?'

I briefly explained the situation of affairs.

'The rascals!' he broke in almost before I had finished: 'I will briefly explain it all. A fellow of the name of Hartley, at least that was the name he gave,

robbed me, I was pretty sure, of this brooch. I pointed him out to the police, and he was taken into custody; but nothing being found upon him, he was discharged.'

'Not entirely, Mr Bagshawe, on that account. You refused, when arrived at the station-house, to state what you had been robbed of; and you, moreover, said, in presence of the culprit, that you were to embark with your regiment for India the next day. That regiment, I have ascertained, did embark, as you said it would.'

'True; but I had leave of absence, and shall take the Overland route. The truth is, that during the walk to the station-house, I had leisure to reflect that if I made a formal charge, it would lead to awkward disclosures. This brooch is an imitation of one presented me by a valued relative. Losses at play—since, for this unfortunate young woman's sake, I must part with it—obliged me to part with the original; and I wore this, in order to conceal the fact from my relative's knowledge.'

'This will, sir,' I replied, 'prove, with a little management, quite sufficient for all purposes. You have no objection to accompany me to the superintendent?'

'Not in the least: only I wish the devil had the brooch as well as the fellow that stole it.'

About half-past five o'clock on the same evening, the street door was quietly opened by the landlord of the house in which Mr Saville lodged, and I walked into the front room on the first floor, where I found the gentleman I sought languidly reclining on a sofa. He gathered himself smartly up at my appearance, and looked keenly in my face. He did not appear to like what he read there.

'I did not expect to see you to-day,' he said at last.

'No, perhaps not: but I have news for you. Mr Bagshawe, the owner of the hundred-and-twenty guinea brooch your deceased uncle gave you, did not sail for India, and—'

The wretched cur, before I could conclude, was on his knees begging for mercy with disgusting abjectness. I could have spurned the scoundrel where he crawled.

'Come, sir!' I cried, 'let us have no snivelling or humbug: mercy is not in my power, as you ought to know. Strive to deserve it. We want Hartley and Simpson, and cannot find them: you must aid us.'

'Oh yes; to be sure I will!' eagerly rejoined the rascal. 'I will go for them at once,' he added with a kind of hesitating assurance.

'Nonsense! Send for them, you mean. Do so, and I will wait their arrival.'

His note was despatched by a sure hand; and meanwhile I arranged the details of the expected meeting. I, and a friend, whom I momently expected, would ensconce ourselves behind a large screen in the room, whilst Mr Augustus Saville would run playfully over the charming plot with his two friends, so that we might be able to fully appreciate its merits. Mr Saville agreed. I rang the bell, an officer appeared, and we took our posts in readiness. We had scarcely done so, when the street-bell rang, and Saville announced the arrival of his confederates. There was a twinkle in the fellow's green eyes which I thought I understood. 'Do not try that on, Mr Augustus Saville,' I quietly remarked: 'we are but two here certainly, but there are half-a-dozen in waiting below.'

No more was said, and in another minute the friends met. It was a boisterously-jolly meeting, as far as shaking hands and mutual felicitations on each other's good looks and health went. Saville was, I thought, the most obstreperously gay of all three.

'And yet now I look at you, Saville, closely,' said Hartley, 'you don't look quite the thing. Have you seen a ghost?'

'No; but this cursed brooch affair worries me.'

'Nonsense!—humbug!—it's all right: we are all embarked in the same boat. It's a regular three-

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handed game. I prigged it; Simmy here whipped it into pretty Mary's reticule, which she, I suppose, never looked into till the row came; and you claimed it—a regular merry-go-round, aint it, eh? Ha! ha! ha!

—Ha!

'Quite so, Mr Hartley,' said I, suddenly facing him, and at the same time stamping on the floor; 'as you say, a delightful merry-go-round; and here, you perceive,' I added, as the officers crowded into the room, 'are more gentlemen to join in it.'

I must not stain the paper with the curses, imprecations, blasphemies, which for a brief space resounded through the apartment. The rascals were safely and separately locked up a quarter of an hour afterwards; and before a month had passed away, all three were transported. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that they believed the brooch to be genuine, and of great value.

Mary Kingsford did not need to return to her employ. Westlake the elder withdrew his veto upon his son's choice, and the wedding was celebrated in the following May with great rejoicing; Mary's old playmate officiating as bridesmaid, and I as bride's-father. The still young couple have now a rather numerous family, and a home blessed with affection, peace, and competence. It was some time, however, before Mary recovered from the shock of her London adventure; and I am pretty sure that the disagreeable reminiscences inseparably connected in her mind with the metropolis will prevent at least one person from being present at the World's Great Fair.

JOHNSTON'S TOUR IN AMERICA.

PROFESSOR JOHNSTON, well known for his acquirements as a lecturer on agricultural chemistry and geology, has just given to the world the result of his observations during a recent excursion in North America, which he visited under authoritative auspices.* The work so composed, bearing reference chiefly to the agricultural qualities of the districts visited, will not be expected to resemble ordinary works of travel, nor to consist of what is called amusing reading; nevertheless, the writer, by the originality of his views, has produced a work of no small interest, certainly one which presents much useful information not only to the general reader, but to the intending agricultural emigrant.

Among the Americans themselves, whether settlers in the British possessions or in the United States, Mr Johnston's account of their country ought to awaken deep and anxious attention. Travelling from place to place in the constant investigation of the geological structure of the country—the nature of soils depending more or less on that structure—and also bringing his experience to bear on circumstances of a political and social nature, he is enabled to present a true picture of American husbandry as it presently exists, and to augur from appearances its prospective condition. The explorations of the author were confined principally to New Brunswick, the western part of the state of New York, and certain districts of Canada, where settlers are still busied in the excavation of farms from the primeval forest. In making his examinations, Mr Johnston appears to have borne in mind the controversy still raging in England respecting the free import of foreign corn; and it was a special object with him to learn, from personal observation, how far the British farmer had reason to be alarmed with the

progress of a rival agriculture beyond the Atlantic. On this subject, therefore, the book before us may possibly do some useful service. Referring our readers to the work itself as a mine of valuable truths on this prevailing topic, we can hope only to glance at a few of the author's more pointed remarks. According to him, there is no likelihood of the price of British produce being permanently depressed by the free importation of American wheat and flour. For a time there will be a certain though not great import, but by and by it will fall down to a point scarcely worth speaking of. Vast as are the wheat-producing regions of America, they are not inexhaustible; nor are they greater than the native demands will continue to warrant. What the broad American continent will be, when its surface is subjected to skill, capital, and labour, like the highly-tilled lands of Norfolk, is not matter of immediate concern. At present, but one principle of farming, with trifling exceptions, prevails. This consists in exhausting the natural soil with a scouring succession of grain crops; then deserting the land, and going on to fresh territories, which are exhausted and deserted in turn. Nothing like proper restorative culture is known, and never will be till the enterprise of the settler is stopped in its western progress by the Rocky Mountains or the Pacific. In short, it is cheaper to buy new land than to manure the old; and only when there is no more fresh land to purchase, will the art of farming in America be properly known and practised.

Speaking of a fertile part of New Brunswick which he visited, Mr Johnston observes, that 'in clearing land in this district, it is calculated that the first three crops, which are merely harrowed in, will pay all the expense of cutting the timber, burning, and cultivating. If the settler then abandon it, he is no loser: everything he cuts off it afterwards is gain, or any sum for which he can sell his cleared land. This is a great inducement to the exhausting system, which clears annually new land for grain, cuts for hay all the old cropped land will yield, till it is again overrun with a young growth of wood, and neither saves, collects, nor values manure.' Of this system he goes on to say, 'it is barbarous, reprehensible, and wasteful to the country—and yet it is probably the method which yields a ready sustenance to the settler's family at the smallest expense of mental and bodily labour. Our condemnation of the pioneers of civilisation in a new country ought not, therefore, to be severe or indiscriminate. With all our skill, we English farmers and teachers of agricultural science should, in the same circumstances, probably do just the same, so long as land was plenty, labour scarce and dear, markets few and distant, and prices of produce low. As population increases, a higher class will come in; will purchase the exhausted farms; and by their skill and manure will obtain from the soil new returns as large, and perhaps as profitable, as those which rewarded the men who first penetrated the bush.'

In New Brunswick it is not an unusual practice for settlers to rent instead of buying lands. They pay of annual rent from 6s. to 9s. per acre for farms, without being under any obligation as to routine of cropping. The plan is ruinous to the land, but works admirably for the farmer. 'He takes the cream off the land, and leaves it; and as tenants are in request, he can easily shift to another farm, or can take any good opportunity which may present itself of buying land for himself.'

Earnest industry will, in New Brunswick as elsewhere, meet with its reward; farming is profitable to a man with a grown-up family to assist him; but in the midst of prosperity there are serious discomforts

* Notes on North America, Agricultural, Economical, and Social. By James F. W. Johnston. 2 vols. Blackwood and Sons. 1851.

and drawbacks; at least we should think them so. Insects are a terrible affliction. One day Mr Johnston saw a farmer toiling in the fields with what seemed a smoking quiver at his back. On a nearer inspection, the supposed quiver was seen to be a roll of cedar bark suspended from the shoulders, and lighted at one end, so that the smoke might float about the head of the wearer, and keep off the flies. In another place, he observed 'fires kindled in the open air for the benefit of the cattle, which are happy to come in the evening and hold their heads in the smoke, with a view of escaping to some extent their tormentors. As the country becomes cleared, the flies may be expected to diminish.'

Latterly, with the view of opening up lines of thoroughfare through the forests, the legislature of New Brunswick has made an offer which will suit the convenience of those who have not money to buy, or even to rent land. A certain section for settlement is divided into lots of eighty acres each. Any person may get a grant of one of these lots on payment of no more than 1s. per acre, to defray the expense of the grant and survey; at the same time engaging to give labour on the roads, at a fixed price per rod, to the amount of L.12—thus making the entire price of his land L.16. This sum, however, is in currency: in money sterling, the amount is about one-fourth less. In speaking of this advantageous opening for settlers with limited means, Mr Johnston mentions—'That a body of emigrants arriving in June would be able to open the road, cut down four acres on each of these lots for crops on the following spring, and build a log-house before the winter sets in. Of course they must have means to maintain themselves and families during the winter, and until the crops on their new lands are ripe. Bodies of emigrants from the same county or neighbourhood, going out as a single party, would work pleasantly together, and be good company and agreeable neighbours to each other.' Before starting, it must be recollected that the winter of New Brunswick is very severe; and that, during this season, little or no outdoor labour can be performed. Old settlers, however, seem to relish these hard winters, which are by no means unpleasant or unhealthy—they are only economically troublesome.

Nowhere do men with large capital engage in agricultural operations, because 7 per cent. can be obtained for money on mortgage; and it is more profitable, besides being more pleasant, to lend capital than to employ it in husbandry. This circumstance alone must long operate detrimentally on American farming. We are told that 'tillage farms are cultivated by persons who do not usually possess more than L.1 per acre of capital.' American farming, indeed, seems to be little better than the labour of a peasant, undirected by science, and almost unaided by machinery. 'The land itself, and the labour of their families, is nearly all the capital which most of the farmers possess. And if any of them save a hundred dollars, they generally prefer to lend it on mortgage at high interest, or to embark it in some other pursuit which they think will pay better than farming, than to lay it out in bettering their farms, or in establishing a more generous husbandry.'

Proceeding from Nova Scotia through New Brunswick to New York, and thence to the Genesee country near Lake Ontario, one of the finest wheat-producing districts in the States, the author there has similar observations to make. This fertile western region is pretty well cultivated, and yields large crops; yet such is the growth of population in New York, that there is no surplus of wheat for exportation. Production, in fact, does not keep pace here with the native demand for food, and there is a regular import from Canada, although under a restrictive duty of 20 per cent. No doubt the demand will urge forward improved methods of culture;

but 'even when such better agricultural times arrive in this region, the English farmer will still, in my opinion, have little to fear from this quarter of the American continent.'

Through this western part of the State of New York pours a ceaseless stream of emigration. Every day railway cars and canal boats are seen travelling along westward, with vast numbers of men, women, and children, of all ages, and of various European countries—Irish, English, Scotch, and Germans; the Irish usually outnumbering all the others. Comparatively few stop in Canada, where the colonial office has contrived to make the terms of purchasing land almost unintelligible. On they go, like a stream of people bound for a fair; and they know no rest till they find a home in Michigan, or some other State in the Far West. The breaking up of these western lands beyond the lakes has, within a recent period, turned the tide of import and export of bread-stuffs. In 1838, flour was shipped from 'Buffalo on Lake Erie for the west'; and the wheat-region of New York, with that of Upper Canada, were the main sources of its supply. Now, after only twelve years, an enormous supply of wheat and flour is brought from the West, along Lake Erie.' In 1849, the wheat and flour thus arriving at Buffalo amounted to 250,000 tons, valued at ten millions of dollars—a large sum to be produced by the scraping industry of emigrant settlers, with little or no money capital.

After examining the western districts geologically, Mr Johnston comes to the conclusion, that much of the soil is not of first-rate quality naturally; and that its productiveness is to be ascribed principally to its freshness. The reckless draughting of corn crops will inevitably bring out its true character. Meanwhile, nearly the whole population being employed in agricultural pursuits, the produce is considerable. But, observes our author, 'a question of great importance to the British and New England wheat-growers here suggests itself—Will the large export of wheat from these new states continue to increase, or are there any reasons why it should by and by begin to decrease? So far as I have been able to collect information bearing upon this question, I am decidedly of opinion that, though the quantity of wheat and flour exported from these north-western states may continue to increase for a certain limited number of years, it will by and by begin to diminish, and will finally, in a great measure, cease.'

Considerable tracts of land appear to be best adapted, in point of soil and climate, for Indian corn—an article, however, for which there is comparatively little foreign demand. On this account it is employed in feeding hogs; and the *hog crop*, therefore, is an important element in the calculations of the settler. Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, are the principal hog-producing states. There the swine 'are allowed to run in the woods, and feed on the acorns, till five or six weeks before killing-time; and are then turned into the Indian corn-fields to fatten them, and harden their flesh.' In 1846 there were killed in the above states, with some other places, as many as 1,087,862 hogs. A great trade has correspondingly sprung up at Cincinnati in the salting and packing of pork, the manufacture of lard, lard-oil, stearine, and other articles. In other port towns on the great rivers, the same kind of trade is attaining importance. The number of hogs in the whole United States is estimated at upwards of forty millions. Lard-oil, rivaling that from the olive, is beginning to be exported in large quantities to England, where it answers the purpose of the best lamp oils, at a considerably lower price. Few things are more surprising than the large export of grain, pork, and other articles, from places which, twenty years ago or less, had no name on the map. For example, there is in the state of Wisconsin, on Lake Michigan, a place called Milwaukee, which,

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though starting into existence only fifteen years ago, now numbers 16,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of a thriving neighbourhood. It is calculated that the arrival of emigrants adds every year to the state in which they settle, capital to the extent of £1,000,000, which is reckoning the produce of the labour of each at only £5. Referring to this fact, Mr Johnston justly remarks, that 'it is Europe, not America, that is the cause of the rapid growth of the United States—European capital, European hands, and European energy. If all the native-born Americans—not being the sons or grandsons of Europeans—were to sit down and fold their hands and go to sleep, the progress of the country would scarcely be a whit less rapid so long as peace between America and Europe is maintained.' It might be added, that the loss in population and wealth to Great Britain by the stream of emigration going past the colonies is only a natural consequence of a settlement on lands being rendered more available in the States. It is remarked, as a circumstance not a little curious, that whether the emigrant settlers in the new western states be English, Irish, Scotch, or German, the aggregate character shortly assumes the American type. This strange result is, it seems, owing to the busy interference of New Englanders, who, intruding themselves on the new settlements, do the *thinking*, while the foreign immigrants confine themselves to the more humble *working* departments of the social economy. 'The emigrants,' observes Mr Johnston, 'who go out from Europe—the raw bricks for the new state buildings—are generally poor, and for the most part indifferently educated. Being strangers to the institutions of the country, and to their mode of working, and, above all, being occupied in establishing themselves, the rural settlers have little leisure or inclination to meddle with the direct regulation of public affairs for some years after they have first begun to hew their farms out of the solitary wilderness. The New Englanders come in to do this. The west is an outlet for their superfluous lawyers, their doctors, their ministers of various persuasions, their newspaper editors, their bankers, their merchants, and their pedlars. All the professions and influential positions are filled up by them. They are the movers in all the public measures that are taken in the organisation of state governments, and the establishment of county institutions; and they occupy most of the legislative, executive, and other official situations, by means of which the state affairs are at first carried on. Thus the west presents an inviting field to the ambitious spirits of the east; and through their means the genius and institutions of the New England states are transplanted and diffused, and determine in a great measure those of the more westerly portions of the Union.' No kind of handy occupation at which a penny can be turned comes amiss to these New Englanders. An acquaintance of the author, who had business which took him frequently into Georgia, related the following anecdote in illustration of this versatility of talent:—

'When on his way to Boston, on one occasion, with a friend, who had also been with him in Georgia, they dined at a hotel, where they saw opposite to them at table two New Englanders, whom they had last seen peddling in Georgia. "Well," says his friend to one of them, "when did you quit your peddling in Georgia?" The questioned made no reply, but swallowing his dinner expeditiously, as a New Englander can, he went out of the room, and waiting for my friend and his companion, accosted them with, "For any sake say nothing about the peddling. We have been up to Maine, and as our wares were out, we took to the lecturing. It's not a bad trade; we have made sixteen dollars a day since we began. I take astronomy, and he does the phrenology. We have been lecturing in Bangor, and we have promised to go back. We had an invitation to go down to Bucksport, but we heard of some people there who knew quite as much as our-

selves, so we declined. Now, you won't say anything about the peddling!"'

To proceed with the observations of the writer on the subject of his inquiries: he looks more hopefully on the progress of Canada in material prosperity than other tourists have been inclined to do. Arriving at Kingston, he attended a show of stock and agricultural implements, got up under the auspices of a local society: it was not so extensive or so crowded as one which he previously attended at Syracuse, state of New York; but this was 'more numerously attended by well-dressed and well-behaved people, and rendered attractive by a greater quantity of excellent stock and implements than he had at all anticipated.' A repetition of the remark here occurs respecting the method of cropping lands, which is rapidly deteriorating the soil. In one place mentioned, 'wheat has been taken from the land for fifty years in succession.' Diminishing and precarious crops are the consequence. Latterly, the crop of wheat on these exhausted and ill-used lands has suffered from diseases incidental to plants of weakly growth. Occasionally the crop entirely fails, and the farmer finds to his cost that nature is not to be outraged with impunity. Still, few think of restoratives. A usual plan is to change the crop; and potatoes, peas, and oats are therefore coming more into use. Already Lower Canada, and some other old settled parts, are under the necessity of importing wheat; and, says Mr Johnston very emphatically, 'the same consummation is preparing for the more newly-settled parts, unless a change of system take place. The new wheat-exporting—so called—granary districts and states will by and by gradually lessen in number and extent, and probably lose altogether the ability to export, unless when unusual harvests occur. And if the population of North America continue to advance at its present rapid rate—especially in the older states of the Union—if large mining and manufacturing populations spring up, the ability to export wheat to Europe will lessen still more rapidly. This diminution may be delayed for a time by the rapid settling of new western states, which from their virgin soils will draw easy returns of grain; but every step westward adds to the cost of transporting produce to the Atlantic border, while it brings it nearer to that far western California, which, as some predict, will in a few years afford an ample market for all the corn and cattle which the western states can send it.' He adds, 'in their relation to English markets, therefore, and the prospects and profits of the British farmer, my persuasion is, that, year by year, our transatlantic cousins will become less and less able—except in extraordinary seasons—to send large supplies of wheat to our island ports; and that, when the virgin freshness shall have been rubbed off their new lands, they will be unable, *with their present knowledge and methods*, to send wheat to the British market so cheap as the more skilful farmers of Great Britain and Ireland can do. If any one less familiar with practical agriculture doubts that such must be the final effect of the exhausting system now followed on all the lands of North America, I need only inform him that the celebrated Lothian farmers, in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh, who carry all their crops off the land—as the North American farmers now do—return, on an average, ten tons of well-rotted manure every year to every acre, while the American farmer returns nothing. If the Edinburgh farmer finds this quantity necessary to keep his land in condition, that of the American farmer must go out of condition, and produce inferior crops in a time which will bear a relation to the original richness of the soil, and to the weight of crop it has been in the habit of producing. And when this exhaustion has come, a more costly system of generous husbandry must be introduced, if the crops are to be kept up; and in this more generous system my belief is that the British

farmers will have the victory.' Surely the agricultural interest will thank this acute and intelligent author for the comforting reflections which in these few words are gratefully inspired.

GLASGOW IN THE LAST CENTURY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

[BEFORE allowing our veteran contributor to proceed with his reminiscences, we may include a little anecdote of the celebrated Francis Hutcheson, who, it will be recollect, laid the foundations of what has been called the Scotch school of metaphysics, while professor of moral philosophy in the Glasgow University. Hutcheson, who, by the way, came from Ireland, was a man of commanding figure and energetic movements, and altogether of a different cast from the usual quiet and somewhat hum-drum materials of a Scotch professor of those days. It also appears that some of his doctrines were not less discrepant with those which had been accustomed to nestle in such sheltered nooks of thought. There was an examination of the divinity class one day, conducted by the little, tame, old-fashioned professor of that faculty; Hutcheson swept backwards and forwards in his long gown through the hall; and some other professors were in attendance. A youth, having stated something that did not sound quite accordant with old use and wont in the ears of his theological instructor, was stopped and interrogated. 'Sic docet Franciscus Hutchesonus' ('So does Professor Hutcheson teach'), said the student. The Irish metaphysician immediately stopped, and exclaimed in a powerful voice—'Sic docet, et id defendebo' ('Yes, that I teach, and that I will defend.') The poor little professor shrunk under his eagle glance, saying, 'Weel, weel,' and went on in the examination without further comment.]

Dr Macleod, professor of church history—an original in his way—had given up teaching his class when I went to college, his increasing infirmities having made it necessary for him to get an assistant. He was a little, old, crabbed-looking man, wearing a round wig and small cocked-hat—the very picture of ill-nature and peevishness, probably the result of bad health. His assistant meeting him one day in the college court, said—'I am glad to see you looking so well, sir.' 'No, sir; you are *not* glad to see me looking well!' was the cynical reply. The doctor, an old Highlander, had the peculiar intonation of the far north in reading or speaking. He was a great admirer of Sterne, and particularly of Yorick's celebrated sermon on the text—'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting,' beginning with, 'That I deny,' &c. Dr Macleod, in imitation of his model, preaching once from the text—'The fool hath said in his heart there is no God!' commenced—'And a very great fool he was!' but from the peculiar tone of voice and appearance of the speaker, the effect on the audience was anything but sublime.

Dr Macleod, before he received his appointment as professor in Glasgow College, had been an usher at Eton, where King George III. got acquainted with him in his walks, and was much amused with his singularities. When any one from Glasgow was presented to the king, it is said that he always asked after 'old Macleod.'

Dr Findlay, long professor of divinity in the university, who died at the age of ninety-seven or ninety-eight, and taught his class till within two years of his death, was still on the field when I was at college, and had all the appearance of a vigorous old age. He wore a bushy wig and cocked-hat, like Dr Macleod; and, like him, was a little man in point of stature, but would have made two of him in bulk. Well do I recollect the cheerful smile which played on his features as he came stumping through the court, and returned the salu-

tations which were readily given him by the younger students. Like many men who have attained to great longevity, he was a very early riser in the morning; and at a very advanced period of life has been heard to complain that old age was getting the better of him, as, instead of getting up at six o'clock in the winter mornings, he had fallen into the bad habit of lying till seven. Dr Findlay was considered a very learned man; but his printed works were calculated for the few, not the million. Hence they sometimes experienced the fate of being sent '*in vicum vendentem thus et odore.*' A worthy tobacconist in the High Street was complaining one day of a certain work of the doctor's being a very bad book. 'How?' said his friend; 'I always thought Dr Findlay had been a worthy, good man.' 'It's the worst book I ken,' said the shopkeeper; 'it's oure big for a pennyworth o' snuff—and it's no big enough for three bawbees' worth!'

Dr Reid was a little before my time, but, as might have been expected of so celebrated a character, several anecdotes respecting him still lingered in Alma. The readers of Professor Dugald Stewart's very interesting memoir of Reid will recollect that the latter had married a cousin of his own—'Aberdeenawa' as well as himself. This good lady had got up on a chair or table one day in order to dust an engraving; but as the attitude did not appear to the moralist to be very becoming, he was expressing his opinion to his spouse in terms more plain than pleasant. The lady heard him for an instant; but as the doctor seemed to be encroaching on a province which did not belong to him, she interrupted him with, 'Fu's the mean the day, doctor? fu's the moon?' ('How is the moon?') Stewart says that Dr Reid, at the age of fifty-five, attended the lectures of Black with a juvenile curiosity and enthusiasm. The following anecdote will shew that the principle of curiosity was not quenched in this good man at a much later period of life. When the famous Dr Graham was in Glasgow, his lectures—which, as is well known, were far from decorous—were once or twice honoured by the attendance of Dr Reid. A friend expressing his surprise on meeting the professor of moral philosophy at such a place, the doctor, now a very old man, good-humouredly replied: 'Why it is only *such* as I that should be seen in *such* a place!'

When Dr Parr visited Glasgow many years since, one of the first places that he requested he might be taken to was Dr Reid's grave in the cathedral burying-ground. A young student of divinity, who accompanied Dr Parr, stated, that when the grave was shown to him, he seemed to be lost in thought for a few minutes. At last he said, 'A great man, sir!—a very great man!' High praise from an English divine. Scotch metaphysics were never very popular at the English universities.

When I commenced my academical curriculum, the most eminent man of the circle which I have been describing was John Millar, the professor of law. His lectures were attended by students from all quarters, and I never heard any of them speak of him but in terms of unqualified admiration.

Mr Millar, like the other professors, was accustomed to have a certain number of boarders in his house, several of them men of high rank, who were afterwards to make a figure in life. Among other pupils at this time were the late Lord Melbourne, and his brother the Honourable Mr Lamb. With these young men Mr Millar's deportment was exceedingly engaging. He was accustomed, in conversation with them, to start a variety of topics, literary or otherwise, for the purpose of eliciting their sentiments; and he then, in a simple and familiar manner, stated his own opinions, which, proceeding from a mind like his, richly stored with the treasures of antiquity, as well as thoroughly versed with contemporary history, must have been deeply interesting. Mr Millar, it is well known, was a steady

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Whig; and at a time when party spirit ran very high in Glasgow, this was sufficient to exclude him from the general society of the city, the bias of which was decidedly Tory. When he did mix in convivial parties, his affable, pleasant manners, and flow of anecdote, made him a favourite for the moment with many who were ready to do battle with him for his politics.

Mr Millar had a strong, athletic frame of body; and it was said that he did not disdain to take lessons in *sparring* from Mendoza, then the great master of the 'noble science of self-defence.' Mendoza was a *protégé* of Douglas, Duke of Hamilton; and it must be recollect that the *science* was then infinitely more cultivated by the higher ranks of society than in these degenerate days. Mr Millar had a natural flow of wit, and sometimes condescended to make use of a pun. A late professor told me, that at the Literary Society one evening a learned Hebrew scholar delivered some observations on the book of Job, which, contrary to the approved method, he pronounced as if the letter *w* were short. When the reader commenced, Millar, turning to his neighbour, said, loud enough to be heard, 'I knew he would make a *job* of it.'

Mr Richardson, professor of humanity, was as different from Mr Millar in his exterior appearance as he was in his politics. He was originally intended for the church, but the situation of tutor to Lord Cathcart's two sons having been offered to him, he accepted this employment; and when his lordship was appointed ambassador to Russia, Mr Richardson accompanied him to St Petersburg, where he remained four years. At this period he acted as Lord Cathcart's secretary, and here, most likely, he acquired that finished polish of manner for which he was remarkable.

As a teacher of youth, Mr Richardson has been seldom excelled. Although of course many of his pupils were farther advanced, the greater proportion of his first year's students were boys from the grammar school, of twelve or thirteen years of age; and Mr Richardson endeavoured to instil a love of literature at this critical period of life, by making the lessons as easy and attractive as possible. He generally commenced with a book of Caesar's Commentaries; and he contrived to pre-engage the affections of his young hearers for the simple but beautiful narration of the renowned writer, by a brief but lucid account of the contents of the different books into which the work is divided. He then by degrees introduced his class to an acquaintance with the more difficult classics; constantly testing the progress it was making by frequent examinations. He delighted to bring forward modest talent by suitable encouragement; and as his praise was given judiciously, it was duly appreciated by his scholars. The 'old side,' or boys of the second year, had tasks of greater magnitude prescribed to them; and it was for their use chiefly that the professor held his private class, in which he lectured on Roman antiquities, and on the laws of fine writing, exemplified from classical authors.

Mr Richardson, at this period, was very methodical in the arrangement of his dress, as well as in his other habits. In the morning hours all was in dishabille—even the white neckcloth being exchanged for the *cosy* handkerchief. At eleven o'clock, a change appeared for the better; and it was evident that the learned professor had been under the hands of the tonsor, who had improved his outward man considerably. The wig, however, if exchanged, was still unpowdered. But at two o'clock—the *private* hour—the professor appeared in full gala, with powdered wig, lace ruffles, often silk stockings; in short, all the appearance of a fine gentleman of about the middle of the eighteenth century, probably the dress that he had been accustomed to in his youth. I must not omit that at this hour a diamond ring was always carefully displayed, dazzling the eyes of the admiring students. You must recollect that all

this was fifty years since. Mr Richardson's company was always exceedingly acceptable to the merchants of Glasgow; and, being a bachelor, he was a frequent dinner-out. He was a little of a *bon vivant*, and suffered the usual penalty of good-living by a periodical access of gout. Dining one day at a party, when the turtle-soup was *superbe*, the professor got his plate replenished more than once, always exclaiming: 'There is gout in every spoonful, but I can't resist it—I can't resist it!' In the performance of his collegiate duties, Mr Richardson was most assiduous; and when many of his colleagues gave up their classes on the 1st of May, he was always at his post till the 10th of June. This devotedness on his part was the more meritorious, as he had a pleasant country seat, near the Water of Endrick, in Dumbartonshire, to which he was much attached, and where he always spent the summer recess. Gout, his old enemy, proved too powerful at last for this highly-amiable and gentleman-like person; and I lament to say that he died in great agony from an attack of that complaint in the stomach. Foxglove had been recommended to him, and this powerful medicine was, after his decease, found in his desk; which added to the regret of his friends that it had not been administered.

Mr Young, the professor of Greek, succeeded Dr Moor, and by his abilities maintained the high position which this class had acquired. By his contemporaries, Mr Young was considered to be a man of original genius, an excellent classical scholar, an acute critic, a connoisseur in music, and perhaps in the fine arts generally. The ingenuity and eloquence with which he expounded a favourite author captivated the attention of those of his hearers who were designed for the learned professions; and even by many of his scholars who never opened the page of a Greek classic in after-life, the admirably quaint humour with which the professor translated an ode of Anacreon, or a dialogue of Lucian, or a scene of Aristophanes, was long remembered. With such qualifications, his friends sometimes regretted that he did not give to the world some fruits of his favourite studies. The high renown of Porson, Parr, and Burney, at that period probably prevented him from entering the lists against them in the fields of Greek literature; and as his annual income arising from the number of students attached to his class, as well as from private boarders, was constantly increasing, he may judiciously have preferred 'solid pudding' to 'empty praise.' In 1783, Mr Young published anonymously his 'Criticism on Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' meant as a burlesque of Dr Johnson's harsh, and, as they were generally considered, unjust strictures, on that excellent poet. This little work is too lengthy for a mere *jeu d'esprit*; and although the reader is reminded of the occasionally inflated peculiarities of Dr Johnson's style, the mind soon becomes fatigued with the endeavour, real or pretended, of the writer, to discover flaws in one of the finest poems in the English language.

Mr Young was a great admirer of histrionic talent. When Edmund Kean first made his appearance on the Glasgow boards, no one seemed more delighted than our professor with what it was then the fashion to call the 'new readings of Shakspeare,' by that clever but eccentric actor. On these occasions Mr Young's little *punchy* figure, perched in the stage-box, would have formed a subject worthy the pencil of a Hogarth. I think I see him applying an opera-glass to his eye with one hand, while with the other he kept vehemently thumping the wooden partition of the box, as any brilliant trait in the performance elicited his admiration—joining lustily at the same time the chorus of bravos which resounded from all parts of the house. Mr Young entertained a high opinion of the Rev. Dr Chalmers. A person who was present told me, that in the faculty room, some of his colleagues objecting to the peculiar

style of Dr Chalmers, Mr Young said: 'That may be all very true, gentlemen; but I know that I am a miserable sinner, and it is a style which speaks to my conscience.'

Mr Jardine, professor of logic, was one of the most useful teachers of youth in my time. Before his incumbency, it had been the established practice of the professor of logic to read Latin lectures on the Aristotelian logic, with little advantage to those of the students who were to be afterwards engaged in the active pursuits of life. The sagacity of Mr Jardine saw this defect, and how it could be remedied. As has been correctly stated in a biographical work—'After a simple analysis of the powers of the understanding, he devoted by far the greater part of the course to the original progress of language; the principles of general grammar; the elements of taste and criticism; and to the rules of composition, with a view to the promotion of a correct style, illustrated by examples.' The plan which he adopted of making the students give a written account of the lectures, and of occasionally handing these essays to be corrected by each other, under his own superintendence, had an admirable effect. It awakened genius, and stimulated mediocrity. A few critics and future reviewers were probably formed by this process; but, what was of infinitely more consequence, the youth who were afterwards to be engaged in trade or commerce were taught to think for themselves, and to express their thoughts, both in speaking and writing, in clear, intelligible language.

In politics, Mr Jardine was a Tory; but this did not prevent his being on the best terms with his colleagues, Mr Millar and Mr Young, who were equally attached to the opposite side. Mr Jardine's appearance was more like that of a bluff, healthy country gentleman, than the professor of a college; and his frank, open manners corresponded with his exterior. His time was too much occupied in the winter months to allow his going much into company; but when there, he was social and pleasant, and fond of a well-timed joke. He used to tell with great glee, that, when in France, he had been commissioned to procure a French cook for a Scotch nobleman. On his return, he had happened to meet his old acquaintance, Jaques, and asked him how he liked his new situation. 'Ah—ah,' said Jaques, with the peculiar shrug and grimace of his country—'toujours de *barley-brot*!'

GOLDEN ISLAND.

Most of the islands which travellers meet with cleaving the strong current of the Nile, and dividing it into two majestic branches, are formed one year, to be eaten away and disappear the next. The rapidity with which they rise and become covered with a low vegetation, is only less marvellous than the rapidity with which they dissolve. They generally have a sand-bank for basis, and this is the true reason of their uncertain tenure of existence. Sometimes the Nile changes its course, almost abandons one of the branches into which it has divided, and allows the island time to establish itself slowly for years. It then capriciously returns, gnaws underneath the already lofty banks, washes violently over the surface, and in a few seasons the newly-created fields are carried away, and turbid eddies alone remain.

In some few instances, however, from circumstances which it would be difficult to explain, these alluvial islands acquire sufficient strength and solidity to profit by the periodical inundation, instead of being destroyed. They then increase rapidly in size and elevation; and, almost without the assistance of husbandry, yield a generous support to the colony which does not fail to

migrate to them. Geziret-ed-Dahab, or Golden Island, situated opposite Atfeh, on the Rosetta branch, is one of the most remarkable examples.

We quitted Shibrakit, some miles higher up, on a bright December morning. There had been a warm discussion as to whether or not we should return by the canal to Alexandria. The crew, who could not understand what pleasure we took in wandering about apparently without an object—tacking from one bank to another, coming to an anchor in places where there were neither curiosities nor coffeehouses, taking strolls over the stubble-covered fields, sitting for hours under a thin canopy of acacia-trees, gun in hand, looking at half-a-dozen crows making mysterious evolutions around a neighbouring grove, and never thinking of taking a shot. This kind of life perplexed the crew exceedingly, and they voted unanimously in favour of returning to the dusty purloins of Miniet-el-Bassal, or the Port of Onions.

We objected—for the idle life of the Nile boat had charmed us—and when we got into the glittering Fouah Reach, ordered the steersman to take the right branch, and put Golden Island between us and the steamer funnels, the cluster of masts and yards, and the mud storehouses of Atfeh. In a few minutes, driven down by the current, and aided by a light wind that came along in puffs, and now filled our huge sail, and let it flap lazily over head, we were once more out of sight of all habitations, with nothing but blue waters, blue air, and almost blue vegetation around. Despite the time of year, it was a tremendously hot day, and all objects seemed to tremble dizzily in the sunshine. Now and then, as it were, a shower of pigeons was shaken down from their cool look-outs in the palm-trees upon the torrid surface of the stream. They fell like shining flakes of silver, as if about to melt in the waters; but suddenly their wings flapped vigorously, there was a moment of hurry-scurry, and then the whole flight swooped away in an ascending semi-curve, and went fluttering into a date-grove on the opposite bank. Some warm-backed, bright aquatic birds, with their sharp beaks, from time to time scratched the burnished mirror along which we were sliding, or dashed up a vapour of glass-dust with their pinions. White ibises settled down in majestic flights towards the fields which we could not see; and that aerial pirate, the hawk, cruised about far up in the sparkling air, or lay-to overhead in sight of a prize. Upon a distant dike, I remember, we could distinguish two or three camels moving slowly along, amidst a cloud of hot-looking dust; and as we left the Delta bank, two or three huge breathless buffaloes came and dropped themselves with a lazy splash into the stream.

We ran up alongside Golden Island, and made fast a rope to a tree; for we had determined to lunch ashore. In a few minutes the industrious Ahmed, by us duly assisted, had spread the cloth beneath the twinkling leaves of some acacias, that afforded a kind of mitigated shade; and we were deep in the mysteries of cold beef, ham, and bottled porter. When we had lounged a befitting time, in order to give our powers of digestion fair play, we proceeded to explore the island.

Its size is considerable; but I know not how many acres or how many groves it contains. Towards the northern extremity, the trees became more thickly planted, and the cultivation more regular. We followed a kind of footpath along the bank—no doubt made by the tracking crews of boats—and at length came in sight of a white sheikh's tomb, with a small dome, and an enclosure. As we approached, an old man, who had been sleeping under a blanket, started up so lightly and actively, that his Bedouin origin would have been at once apparent, even if the motion of his hand towards the place where the dagger usually

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hangs had not revealed the fact. He smiled to notice that we observed this circumstance; and sat down again quietly, after saluting us. We returned his salute cheerfully, and took up our position close at hand, with a palm-trunk for a sofa-back. This was a fair beginning of an acquaintance; and our offer of a pipe concluded the business.

'I drink tobacco,' said the old gentleman, handing back the tube after two or three whiffs; 'but smelling tobacco is better.'

This was equivalent to saying, 'Have you any snuff?' We regretted not being able to gratify him. He said it was no matter, for that smoking and snuffing were no longer habits with him. When he was young, he used to empty a box a day (a second Napoleon), but those times were past. (It was difficult to say which he regretted most—his youth or his snuff.) Everything was very much changed now: he heard talk of only new things and new men. He could not understand what it meant; feared very much that all was wrong; but, after all, Allah was great, and Effendina (our lord—the pasha, namely) was —. Here came an indescribable gesture, by which the Arabs express might and power. The excellent Conservative Bedouin seemed disposed to accept established facts.

We asked him how he came there, where he came from, and what he did. The impertinence of these questions was not at all apparent to him. He replied with random good faith (quietly retaining one of our pipes, the first time we offered it, when he found that the move for snuff had been disconcerted), and we at length acquired a tolerable idea of his history. As his tongue got untied, indeed, the garrulity of it became excessive; and how this happened is worth mentioning. My friend L——, who professed to be subject to cramp in the stomach, always went about with what he called a *monkey* (the poet calls it a *cruise*, I believe) full of rather strong brandy-and-water, and our interlocutor's eyes were directed towards it very often. At length he asked casually if it was medicine. L—— replied that it was a draught calculated to raise the dead; to which the Bedouin responded that he was very ill.

'You do look deuced pale,' quoth L——, without offering his bottle.

'Yeh!' exclaimed the old fellow, quite surprised at this confirmation of his assertion.

'And I would recommend you to be bled. My friend here is a *hakim*.'

'Let me try the medicine first,' said the patient, whose hand had been clutching towards the unlabelled phial for some time, and who now edged nimbly along the ground, patted L—— coaxingly on the back, and, after having glanced around to ascertain that none but infidel eyes beheld the deed, took a draught that no prescription would have authorised. 'Bu-ono; *ta'yib*; ver good; az-fin!' exclaimed he, shewing the skill in foreign languages which he had acquired during his visits to Atesh. The effect was magical; and some of the old gentleman's confidential communications became even too intimate.

Saleh Ibn Gaoud, or Saleh Son of the Camel, was formerly a sheikh of the tribe of Waled Ali. According to his own representation, he enjoyed considerable influence at one time among his people, having been indeed of sufficient importance to have been selected by the pasha as one of the hostages taken from the turbulent tribe to which he belonged, when, in 1820, its headquarters were removed from Mudar to the neighbourhood of Damanhour. We do not repeat the hyperbolical accounts he gave of his exploits in the Bedouin wars: how, for example, his skill as a shot was so great, that at 500 paces, when on a horse going at full speed, he could 'break the head,' as he expressed it, of another cavalier moving in an opposite direction. But a curious tradition with respect to Golden Island interested us much. He said that he was one day sitting

at the door of his tent, near the confines of the cultivated land of Egypt, reflecting on the fall of his fortunes, and on the half-servitude in which he lived, when a stranger came up and asked him for hospitality. The request was of course complied with; but was accompanied, as is often the case in these degenerate times, with bitter reflections about diminished means, desires limited by power, and so forth, which are merely hints that some kind of payment would not be disagreeable. The stranger explained that he was a poor pilgrim; and as both professed poverty, the conversation naturally turned upon riches. A variety of stories, in which gold and jewels played a great part, were related. Among other things, the pilgrim said that, according to tradition, in the time of the early caliphs, Berimbal was a great city, having a governor invested with mighty privileges, and enjoying the especial favour of his master. This governor, named Ali the Splendid, distinguished himself by his exactions, although not by his cruelties, unless he was violently opposed. Among other means of amassing wealth, he levied a fixed contribution on every boat that passed down on its way to Rosetta with produce of the country, or returned with foreign merchandise. The abuse was tolerated, because Ali the Splendid always accompanied the taxes he sent to the public treasury with presents to the great men of Cairo, and even to the caliph himself. In this way he became immensely rich, and was supposed to enjoy perfect felicity. But in heart he was unhappy, because, although he had wives and slaves, Heaven had not blessed him with any offspring. He used often to look forth between the gorgeous curtains of his palace windows, and behold the women going down to the riverside with their laughing children on their shoulders, and his eyes would fill with tears, and he would groan, and turn away in sorrow and despair. Of what use to him was his wealth in silver and in gold, in jewels and in precious stones, if he had not a son to cling to his knees, or play with his slippers? At length an adviser told him to consult a magician; and the magician, after having made his calculations, told him that he must divorce one of his wives, and substitute in her place, by force or cunning, the wife of a cobbler named Mustafa. Ali the Splendid believed; and he called Mustafa before him, and coaxed him to divorce his wife Fatiyah. But the cobbler replied that he loved his wife, and would not part with her. So Ali caused him secretly to be slain, and took the woman into his harem. The magician had prophesied correctly. A son was born; and Ali, forgetting the crime that he had committed, was happy for many years. But it is decreed that those who do evil deeds shall in the end suffer; for when Mûrad grew up to be youth, he caused his father more trouble and sorrow by his disobedience and his vicious character than he had caused him joy in the early time of his childhood. The old man became peevish and irritable; and in order to occupy his time and attention, increased his exactions upon the people, and became generally hated as a tyrant.

Mûrad delighted in crossing him, and bringing him into trouble. It happened one day that a large Dahabieh, magnificently decorated, was seen coming down the Nile, and passed, without paying any attention to the officers that hailed it to come along ashore and pay the tribute. So several boats, filled with soldiers commanded by Mûrad, went forth and surrounded it with cries and menaces. The crew ordered them off, saying that the youngest daughter of the caliph was on board, and that dire vengeance would be inflicted on those who interrupted her progress. But Mûrad laughed, and said that he had heard that Nefesa, the youngest daughter of the pasha, was dead, and that he was not to be deceived. So he went on board, beat the crew and the eunuchs, and forced his way into the cabin, where the girl was reclining with her slaves. He became enamoured of her at once, and determined to

possess her; so he ordered the crew to be slain to a man, sank the boat, and carried away Nefessa and her women to a country-house which his father had given him for his pleasures. The soldiers, whose affection he had gained by largesses and indulgence, and who knew the dreadful punishment that would be inflicted on them if they spoke of what had happened, kept the secret; and it was some weeks before it began to be asked in the cities and bazaars of Egypt—‘What has become of the daughter of the caliph?’ Orders were sent to all the governors of the provinces to make inquiries; and torture and death were promised to the guilty, whilst hopes of magnificent rewards were held out to those who should give information; but for a long time nothing was learned of the truth.

Murad passed the whole of his time shut up in his country-house, and never appeared before his father in the divan. Ali the Splendid became at length uneasy, and sent to request him to come; but he was disobeyed. He then despatched a positive order; but was again disobeyed. Upon this he called before him the magician, and in the anguish of his heart asked him to read the truth in his numbers, and to tell why his son neglected him. The magician smiled with a wicked expression, went through the prescribed form, and then said, ‘Murad is now with the Princess Nefesa in his pavilion.’ Upon this Ali the Splendid fell down upon his face, and exclaimed, ‘Wo is me, I am an unfortunate and a ruined man!’ He then rose, called his guards, and hastened forth to the pavilion. But when he arrived, he found his son lying upon a couch, with the princess by his side—both dead—and the women weeping around; and he was told that the two had loved each other in spite of the cruelty and violence of Murad, and that a messenger had arrived, saying, ‘Ali the Splendid has heard the truth, and is coming in anger;’ and that they had taken poison, and had died. Never did poor man feel the despair that this rich man felt when he heard this news. He tore his beard, rent his garments, rolled in the dust; and then, clinging to his position and his vile gold—now that all his better hopes were prostrated—hastened back to his palace, collected all his wealth, filled numerous large chests, and set out for Cairo, in order to avert the vengeance of the caliph by bribes and presents. But there was a line written in the book of fate. Before he reached Fouah, a gust of wind upset his boat in the middle of the Nile, and he was drowned with all his people and all his riches. A bank of mud soon formed over the spot, and then an island, which was called, in memory of this story, Geziret-ed-Dahab, or Golden Island.

‘And how comes it that you are settled here?’ inquired we of the Bedouin, after offering him another strengthening draught—not the second, nor the third.

His eyes twinkled, and his voice trembled as he replied—‘The pilgrim told me that there was a story current amongst the learned about times past, that after the lapse of three hundred years, these trunks of gold would be uncovered by the plough of a husbandman. So when I found that misery pressed still more upon me, I took all that I had, and became a fellah of the land of Egypt, and reached this place, and was named inspector of the island for the siraskir; and the day of good fortune may at length arrive.’

A few minutes afterwards the old gentleman dropped off asleep, and we left him to continue our voyage to Rosetta. On returning, we espied him driving a donkey along the tracking-path, and endeavoured to renew the acquaintance; but when we talked of the money of the governor of Berrinbal, he looked uneasy and perplexed, and professed not to understand.

‘It is my opinion,’ quoth L——, ‘that the old villain sucked in the whole of that story from my monkey. He must have supposed you to be a shair (story-teller), and thought himself bound to pay for his medicine.’

‘Possibly,’ replied I; ‘but it may be that he regrets his communicativeness, and seeing us here again, imagines that we too are on the look-out for the riches of Golden Island.’

SMOKINESS OF MANUFACTURING TOWNS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the legislation of late years against the smoke of factories, we observe from time to time that prosecutions are still necessary at Manchester, Glasgow, and other cities of industry, in order to enforce the proper regulations. Magistrates in such towns must in general feel a disposition to press as lightly on the convenience of manufacturers as the letter of the law will admit of, and many doubtless are under an impression that manufacturers have not the matter entirely in their power. We suspect that the leniency is to a great extent misdirected; for experience and close observation have convinced us that, in ordinary circumstances, the smoke of a factory furnace may be reduced to an amount scarcely appreciable.

The cause of voluminous smoke from a large furnace is the abruptness of the deposition of fresh fuel. A furnace-man knows well that, by a judicious mode of shovelling in his coal, he can lessen the amount of smoke considerably. Much more can it be lessened when the furnace is fed slowly by an appropriate mechanism. It cannot be too strongly impressed on magistrates that there is a mechanism by which the requisite fuel can be applied at precisely the rate in which it is required, and so as to cause the smoke to be consumed in the furnace, leaving at the utmost some impalpable fumes to pass off by the chimney. There is the less need to be scrupulous in acting upon this fact, that, by such a mode of feeding furnaces, a very considerable saving of coal is effected.

At the hazard of offending by repetition, we shall relate what is done at our own furnace for the consumption of smoke. The engine, be it understood, is one of ten-horse power, employed to drive ten printing machines. The smoke-consuming apparatus under Jukes’s patent was applied to the furnace in 1848, at an expense of £105. It consists essentially of a set of chain bars revolving on blocks, and carrying in the coal with a slow, regulated motion, under the check of a hopper placed at the furnace-mouth. Power for the movement is obtained from the engine. The effect is, that a frontier of fresh coal is always passing onward into the glow of the fire, producing only the smallest quantity of smoke possible in the circumstances, and this smoke is completely burnt before it can pass along the length of the furnace. At putting on the fires, and in reviving them after meal hours, smoke is produced in greater quantity, and forms a volume in the chimney for a few minutes; but this passes away, and the chimney in general emits nothing but a quantity of waste steam. Of the numerous domestic chimneys by which ours is surrounded, there is not one which does not act more as a nuisance to its neighbourhood than our ten-horse power engine flue.

During the twelvemonth previous to the application of the apparatus, the quantity of coal consumed was 284 tons. During the ensuing year and a half it has been 395 tons, although there was one more machine in operation during that time, and a much greater amount of work at over-hours. The quantity of work in the year ending Sep. 2, 1849, may be expressed by the sum of paper used, which was 7,200,000 sheets; that of the year and a half ending March 2, 1851, was 12,720,000 sheets, a ratio of about 13 to 11. Had the same quantity of coal for each thousand sheets been used during the second period, the total quantity required would have been at the rate of about 340 tons per annum. It appears that there would thus have been a relative saving of 78 tons of coal per annum. We are sensible, however, that the quantity of work may

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have exercised no influence in the case, and therefore would ask attention to no more than the positive or absolute saving, which may be reckoned at not less than 30 tons per annum—an amount much more than commensurate to the outlay for the mechanism. There is also a saving of labour to the extent of about half a man—the engine-man being so much relieved from attendance at the furnace, that he is enabled to attend to a number of other duties. On the other hand, the brickwork of the furnace requires somewhat more frequent repair—proof, however, merely of the superior efficiency of the fire under the new system. The outlay on this account cannot materially affect the money part of the question.

As far as a furnace under such circumstances is a criterion, we certainly can now entertain no doubt that factory smoke is a remedial evil. There may be instances where sudden accesses of strength are occasionally required—as where a steamer is to be put to unusual speed; but bating such, we can see no difficulty in applying Jukes's, or some other equivalent plan (if there be such), and thus at once effecting a saving to the user, and relieving the public from a nuisance. We may add that the party to whom application should be made for a licence to use Jukes's patent, is Messrs Surmon & Co., Canal Bridge, New North Road, London. This company also supplies the apparatus, and superintends its erection.

THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT BEFORE AND AFTER WATERLOO.

DECIDEDLY the most vivid, and, even after this lapse of time, thrilling of my schoolboy-day reminiscences, is one connected with the return of the 42d Regiment to Edinburgh, after the hard-fought field of Waterloo. I had joined the crowd that, a short time previous, had escorted that gallant corps to Leith from Edinburgh Castle, *en route* for the continent, to join the allied army under its illustrious leader. It was then upwards of eight hundred strong, and a finer body of men could not have been seen. They were arrayed and marshalled in all the pomp and circumstance of military bearing; every appliance was in its place, and in perfect order; and the graceful waving of the beautiful dark plumes with which the bonnets of our Highland regiments are crowned, together with the glittering of the rays of a bright summer sun on their polished firearms and accoutrements, produced altogether one of those imposing results of which the profession of arms can alone furnish the elements. The numbers which on that occasion accompanied this distinguished and always popular regiment were immense—a great proportion being females, many of whom stood to the men in the ordinary relationships of wives or sweethearts, mothers or sisters; and these clung as closely to the dear objects of their affection as the movements and discipline of a body of troops would permit, that not a moment which could be spent in their society might be lost.

The band was playing, as is customary on such occasions, the favourite air of 'Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave ye,' with the intention, no doubt, of keeping up the spirits of all, but actually producing the opposite effect, as too many on that occasion felt that they were gazing in all probability for the last time on each other. At length the port of Leith was reached; and as the vessel which took the troops aboard, to convey them to the transport in the roadstead, cast off her moorings, the deafening buzzes from the assembled multitudes produced one of the most sublimely saddening effects I ever witnessed. Such scenes and feelings the present generation luckily can hardly sympathise with or appreciate, as no native of this country (who has remained at home) under

forty years of age has ever been influenced by similar ones.

Our gallant friends arrived in time to take an active and brilliant, but to them most fatal, part in the crowning engagements which resulted in hurling Napoleon from his throne and political existence.

It was in the month of March 1816 that the intelligence reached Edinburgh that the remainder of that once noble regiment, the 42d, were to pass the night at Musselburgh (six miles distant), and were next day to enter the city. The news spread rapidly, and next morning every schoolboy was aware of the fact. I was then attending a classical academy in the New Town; and as we assembled in the neighbourhood of the school on that eventful morning, we congregated into groups, and earnestly discussed our hopes and fears of the chance of being permitted to join the crowds that were even then pouring in the direction of Musselburgh to welcome our gallant countrymen. These discussions were, however, suddenly, and to most of us somewhat harshly brought to a close by the sound of the well-known shrill whistle (equal almost to that of a railway) with which our worthy preceptor, with his head and shoulders projecting over one of the windows of the schoolroom, was wont to assemble his *élèves*. Many took French leave on the impulse of the moment; while the rest, among whom I was included, ascended the stairs with most unwilling and snail-like steps, and took their accustomed places on the benches. Our feelings were, however, not allowed to remain long in a state of suspense; for our master almost immediately, amidst our breathless silence, informed us that he also had heard of the approach of our brave countrymen, and of the intention of going to meet and welcome them on their approach to the city, and that he highly approved of such intention. Then, with one of his usual cautions to take care of ourselves, he at once dismissed us. Ere the clouds of dust which were raised by our tumultuous jubilation had cleared away, we had burst from the school, and joined the living stream which was then pouring from every avenue of the city in the direction of Musselburgh. The morning was unusually mild for the season, and was one of those lovely spring days which even in our northern clime occasionally chequer our vernal experiences, and make us feel that the mere living, or animalism of our existence, is a great boon and privilege.

The party to which I had attached myself met the objects of our solicitude about the Maitland Bridge; and never shall I forget the impression which the first glance at all that remained of the so lately gallant array made upon my mind—the time seemed so short since I had seen them in all their gorgeous panoply and glory of numbers, that the contrast was most startling which the handful (not much above two hundred) of worn-out, travel-stained looking men presented. Their once bright scarlet uniforms exhibited all the shades of depression which that colour is capable of assuming; while very few retained any remnant even of the plume which distinguishes the Highland soldier's head-dress. Most had plain bonnets, and a great many had not even their grand national characteristic article of dress—the kilt—trousers and trews having been substituted. No one who has not actually witnessed a similar exhibition of the sad and desolating effects of war can fully conceive what our feelings were on the first appearance of our poor countrymen. Still these were the men who had stood undaunted against the Polish lances and cuirassiers' sabres at Quatre Bras, and remained unshaken and victorious amidst the annihilating thunders of Waterloo; and every other sensation was for the moment buried in the burst of enthusiasm with which we added our welcome to the general chorus. As the procession

reached the suburbs, the crowd became so dense that the order of march could hardly be observed; and those serried ranks which had withstood unbroken all the attempts of Napoleon's cavalry and artillery, gave way on all sides before the irruption of their fair countrywomen.

On entering the Canongate, some truly touching episodes took place: here and there a female might be seen rushing wildly amongst the ranks of the soldiery, and anxiously inquiring whether such a one was alive, and with them. When, as in too many instances, an answer in the sad negative had to be given, the agonised look and suppressed scream with which it was received was truly heartrending, and brought tears to the eyes of all who were witnesses of it. Occasionally, in strong and pleasing contrast to such scenes, a lover, brother, or husband was found. When it was the latter, and he was also a father, his firelock was seized by one of his eldest boys; while, leaning on the arm of his partner in life, and having his youngest child perched on his shoulder, he proudly ascended the High Street. As the procession approached the Canongate Jail, a Lochaber axe (belonging to the Town-Guard soldier on duty there, and borrowed from him for the occasion) was seen projecting from one of its windows, to which was attached, as a flag, a pocket-handkerchief, on which was pinned a sheet of paper, having written on it in ink, in large characters, the words—'Welcome, gallant heroes!' shewing in a most touching manner that the enthusiasm which was so ecstatic on the outside had even penetrated the gloomy recesses of a prison, and made its inmates for the time forget their woes in the all-absorbing feelings of the moment.

As they advanced up the High Street, where it becomes wider and the houses loftier, the masses became so dense that it was almost impossible to proceed; and from the windows of many of the houses of that most picturesque street were seen hundreds of smiling female faces, and many fair arms waving handkerchiefs, while the loud and continued buzzes which burst forth on all sides, and re-echoed by the imposing edifices around, were perfectly deafening. And thus escorted, and thus welcomed, all that remained of the gallant 42d re-entered the Castle of Edinburgh.

It has been my lot in life to witness many splendid processions of various kinds; but all were tame and commonplace in comparison with that which I have attempted to describe. I have already said, that luckily with such scenes the present generation, at least the younger portion of it, are unacquainted. I have often thought that in such ignorance there is a danger. Let me impress on my juniors, that it requires but a very little experience of the desolating effects of war to wean a humane and conscientious mind from the idea of its vaunted glories. Let them read in even such imperfect recitals as the present the misery which comes from these unholy contentions, and resolve never to admit for a moment that peace may be broken, except for the most grave and onerous causes.

REPRODUCTION OF LIMBS IN THE HUMAN SUBJECT.

Dr Simpson, in a paper read to the British Association, has shewn that the power of reproducing and repairing lost parts is greatest in the lowest class of animals, and decreases as we ascend higher and higher in the scale of animal life. He then points out that the embryo approaches in this, as in other respects, the physiological life and powers of the lower animals; and, consequently, when the arm or leg is amputated during embryonic existence, as not unfrequently happens from bands of congealed lymph, and the results of disease, the stump structures reproduce a small rudimentary hand or foot, as the crab or lizard does. He shewed various casts and drawings of cases of hands thus reproduced; and two living examples were exhibited.

TO MY GODCHILD, ALICE.

ALICE, Alice, little Alice,
My new-christened baby Alice !

Can there ever rhyme be found
To express my wishes for thee

In a silvery flowing, worthy

Of that silvery sound ?

Bonnie Alice, Lady Alice !

Sure that sweetest name must be

A true omen to thee, Alice,

Of a life's long melody.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,
Mayst thou prove a golden chalice

Filled with holiness, like wine ;
With rich blessings running o'er,

Yet replenished evermore

From a fount divine !

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

When this future comes to thee,
In thy young life's brimming chalice

Keep some drops of balm for me !

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

Mayst thou grow up a fair palace,

Fitly framed from roof to floor,

Pure unto the very centre,

While high thoughts like angels enter

At the open door.

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

When this goodly sight I see,

In thy woman-heart's rich palace

Keep one nook of love for me !

Alice, Alice, little Alice,

Sure the verse fails out of malice

To the thoughts it feebly bears;

And thy name's sweet echoes, ranging

From quaint rhyme to rhyme, are changing

Unto voiceless prayers.

God be with thee, little Alice !

Of His bounteousness, may He

Fill the chalice, build the palace,

Here—unto eternity !

November 25, 1850.

CAPTURE OF A SEA-COW.

Messrs Clark and Burnham lately succeeded in capturing a sea-cow, near Jupiter Inlet, Florida. The animal was caught in a net, was a male, and nine feet three inches in length. They succeeded in taking it alive, and shipped it to Charleston for exhibiting it. It was very wild when first captured, but soon became quite tame, and ate freely of grass, &c. Its tail is in the shape of a fan, and is two feet five inches broad. It has no hind-feet; its fore-feet are similar to those of a turtle, and it has nails like those of the human hand, but no claws. Its mouth and nose resemble those of a cow; it has teeth on the lower jaw, but none on the upper. A female was also taken; but it was so large, and becoming entangled in the net, made such desperate exertions to escape, that the captors were compelled to shoot it. They preserved the skin, however, which is fifteen feet long. This is the second instance (says the 'Havannah News') within our knowledge that the sea-cow has been captured. Some years ago, during the Florida war, Colonel Harney shot two of them in the Everglades. He preserved the hides, and they were exhibited in St Augustine as a great curiosity. We saw a rib of one of the animals yesterday in possession of a gentleman of this city, to whom it was presented by Colonel Harney. He informed us that he had partaken of the flesh, and pronounced it remarkably tender and palatable, and far superior to beef.

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